

Old John Hopkin's, and Tho. Sternhold's,

Petition to the PARLIAMENT

Against the New Version of the Psalms.

TO the Great Council of the Nation,
The sad and hearty Lamentation
Of Good King *David's* Old Translation,
Most humbly shews, the Toleration
Of any New Verification,
Is against Ancient Legislation:
Since former Senates Approbation
Was giv'n to their Old Explication,
They humbly beg the Consolation
To let 'em keep their former Station,

WHereas your *Orators* and *Beadmen*,
Full fore against their Wills, are dead Men,
And should have slept without Offence
As common is to Men of Sense,
Had not their Learned Ekes and Ayes
So famous in *Queen Bess's* Days,
Been in such Danger, as to make
Their Parents yearning Bowels speak.
Ah! Think ye Masters how can we
Enjoy our dear beloved Glee,
When these the Children of our Stile
Are dispossest'd by *Fraud* and *Guile*,
And yield to Brats of *Priest* and *Player*,
Not half so well brought up as they are?
Because, Forsooth, our Dress is lowly,
Must this our Garment be unholy?
Or can it be esteem'd a Fault,
That *Hebrew* Plainness is in *Hebrew* thought?
As if meek *Innocence* should wear
The guilty *Tinsel* of the *Fair*;
Or Men approv'd the Text Divine,
Not for its Truth, but 'cause its Words were fine.
For Heav'n's sake, Sirs, consider on it,
A Psalm should not be like a Sonnet;
And He that writes a *Birth-Day Song*
With Praise, may do the *Psalmist* wrong.
Alas! Poor King! He mourns and weeps,
Nor longer *with his Fathers* sleeps!

How

Harvard College Library
In memory of
Lionel de Jersey Harward
Class of 1915

April 23, 1932

"How are my Poes increas'd, he cries,
"Which vex me more and more?
"How do they swagger, who devise
"To trouble me full sore?
"Saul have I born, and eke the Smart
"Of Sickness, and of Pain:
"But oh! They pierce my Righteous Heart,
"Who now my Sense would strain.
"Full empty are the Words, God knows,
"Which now they make me speak,
"I'd sooner bear Goliath's Blows
"Than what I now do take.
"Milbourn, and Barton, are but Chits
"In Mischiefe to this Pair,
"Who now on me employ their Wits,
"I would make a Saint to swear.
"Oh! Let 'em as their Hands have done,
"And they deserve indeed,
"And after their Invention
"Let 'em receive their Meed.
"Since I who could the Fury sell
"Of Saul's enraged Mind
"With Holy Psalms and Musick quell,
"No Rest my Self can find.
"For now not Saul's, but David's, Soul
"With Madness is full fraught;
"And I who could his Rage controul,
"Have his Distemper caught.

Thus (Senators) the Royal Bard
Would have his wretched Ailments heard;
And thus before your Wisdoms Sage,
He lays the Reasons of his Rage.
We too must join against these Elves,
And beg for David, and our Selves:
Oh! For those Lines by Nich. and Nahum,
Let no one sing or ever say 'em;
Nor take our Priviledges from us,
Whilst I am John, and I am Thomas.
And your Petitioners shall pray
For Evermore, and Eke for Aye.

The Papers, concerning this Subject, that have not this
prefix'd, are not genuine.



London, Printed for John Wells, in St. Paul's
Church-yard, 1699.